

# WILLIS's ROOMS.

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No. II.

## Harrison and Knyvett's Vocal Concert.

THURSDAY, February 14, 1793.

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### VOCAL PERFORMERS.

Mr. HARRISON and Mr. KNYVETT,  
Mr. HINDLE, Mr. SALE, Mr. BARTLEMAN,  
Mr. KNYVETT, Jun. Mr. GORE, Mr. RENNOLDSON,  
Mr. BELLAMY, Jun. Mr. PAGE, Mr. COOKE,  
Mr. SALMON, Mr. HOBLER, Mr. GUICHARD,  
Mr. DANBY, Mr. CHRISTIAN, Mr. WEBBE,  
Mrs. DUSSEK, } alternately  
Miss POOLE, }  
Masters KNYVETT, DANBY, SALE, and PRING;  
And Mrs. HARRISON.

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### INSTRUMENTAL PERFORMERS.

VIOLINS.	TENORS.	HORNS.
Mr. Mountain,	Mr. R. Ashley,	Mess. Leander,
Mr. Mahon,	Mr. Lyon, Sen.	OBOES.
Mr. Lavenue,	VOLONCELLOS.	Mr. Foster,
Mr. Pilotti,	Signor Sperati,	Mr. Dickenson,
Mr. Agus,	Monf. Limardine,	BASSOONS.
Mr. Fisin,	DOUBLE BASS.	Mr. Holmes,
Mr. Lyon, jun.	Mr. Boyce.	Mr. Lyon.
Mr. Cantelo.		

And GRAND PIANO FORTE, (the Patent one of Longman and Broderip.)  
Mr. KNYVETT.

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1793.



ACT I.

*OVERTURE, ARIADNE. Handel.*

*GLEE, 3 Voices, and CHORUS. Webbe.*

**G**LORIOUS Apollo, from on high beheld us  
 Wand'ring to find a temple for his praise,  
 Sent Polyhymnia hither to shield us  
 While we ourselves such a structure might raise.  
 Thus then combining,  
 Hands and hearts joining,  
 Sing we in harmony Apollo's praise.  
 Here every gen'rous sentiment awaking,  
 Music inspiring unity and joy;  
 Each social pleasure giving and partaking,  
 Glee and good humour our hours employ.  
 Thus then combining,  
 Hands and hearts joining,  
 Long may continue our unity and joy.

*CATCH, in 3 Parts. Ives.*

Come honest friends and jovial boys,  
 Follow, follow, follow me,  
 And sing this catch merrily.

*SCENA, Mrs. DUSSEK. Dussek.*

RECITATIVO.

Dall' adorato bene  
 Vederfi abbandonar! Saper che a tanti  
 Rischî corre ad esporfi! in sen per lui  
 Sentirsi il cor tremante! e nel periglio  
 Non poterlo seguir! questo é un affanno  
 D'ogni affanno maggior: questo é soffrire  
 La pena del morir, senza morire.



## ARIA.

Almen, se non poss' io  
 Seguir l'amato bene;  
 Affetti del cor mio  
 Seguitelo per me.

Gia sempre a lui vicino  
 Raccolti amor vi tiene:  
 E insolito cammino  
 Questo per voi non é.

---

GLEE, 4 Voices. *Webbe.*

Swiftly from the mountain's brow  
 Shadows nurs'd by night retire,  
 And the peeping sunbeams now  
 Paint with gold the village spire.

Sweet, O sweet the warbling throng,  
 On the white emblossom'd spray,  
 Nature's universal song  
 Echoes to the rising day.

---

CATCH, in 4 Parts. *Webbe.*

Would you know my Celia's charms,  
 Which now excite my fierce alarms?  
 I'm sure she's fortitude and truth,  
 To gain the heart of ev'ry youth.  
 She's only thirty lovers now;  
 The rest are gone I can't tell how!  
 No longer Celia ought to strive,  
 For certainly she's fifty-five.

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SONG, Mrs. HARRISON, (*Acis and Galatea.*) *Handel.*

## RECITATIVE.

Ye verdant plains, and woody mountains,  
 Purling streams, and bubbling fountains;  
 Ye painted glories of the field,  
 Vain are the pleasures which you yield;  
 Too thin the shadow of the grove,  
 Too faint the gales to cool my love.

## AIR.

Hush, ye pretty warbling choir,  
 Your thrilling strains  
 Awake my pains,  
 And kindle fierce desire:  
 Cease your song, and take your flight!  
 Bring back my Acis to my sight.

*Da Capo.*

GLEE, 3 Voices. Callcott.

(FROM OSSIAN.)

Peace to the souls of the heroes;  
 Their deeds were great in fight;  
 Let them ride around me on clouds,  
 Let them shew their features in war:  
 My soul then shall be firm in danger,  
 And mine arm like the thunder of heaven;  
 But be thou on a moon-beam, O Morna!  
 Near the window of my rest,  
 When my thoughts are of peace,  
 When the din of arms is past.

GLEE, 5 Voices, and CHORUS. J. S. Smith.

Blest pair of Syrens! pledges of Heaven's joy,  
 Sphere-born, harmonious sisters! VOICE and VERSE!  
 Wed your divine sounds and mixt power employ,  
 Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,  
 And to our high-rai'd phantasie present  
 That undisturbed song of pure consent,  
 As sung before the sapphire colour'd throne  
 To him that sits thereon with faintly shout  
 And solemn jubilee:

Where the bright seraphim in burning row,  
 Their loud uplifted angel trumpets blow,  
 And the cherubic host in thousand choirs,  
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,  
 With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,  
 Hymns devout and holy psalms,  
 Singing everlastingly  
 What we on earth, with undiscording voice,  
 May rightly answer that melodious noise;

As once we did, 'till disproportion'd sin  
 Jarr'd against Nature's chime, and with harsh din  
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made  
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd  
     In perfect diapason; whilst they stood  
     In first obedience, and their state of good.  
 O! may we soon again renew that song,  
 And keep in tune with Heav'n, 'till God e'er long  
 To his celestial concert us unite,  
 To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light.

*End of the FIRST ACT.*

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ACT II.

*OVERTURE, CONCERTANTE,*

Obligati for Violin, Oboe, Tenor, and Violoncello,  
 Messrs. MOUNTAIN, FOSTER, R. ASHLEY, & SPERATI.  
*Pleyel.*

*GLEE, 4 Voices. (Air " Tweed-side")*

*Harmonized by Corfe.*

I.

**W**HAT beauties does Flora disclose,  
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed;  
 Yet Mary's still sweeter than those,  
 Both nature and fancy exceed.  
 No daisy nor sweet blushing rose,  
 Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field,  
 Not TWEED gliding gently through those,  
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

II.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,  
 No beauty with her may compare;  
 Love's graces all round her do dwell;  
 She's fairest where thousands are fair.  
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray,  
 Oh! tell me, at noon where they feed;  
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding TAY,  
 Or the pleasanter banks of the TWEED?



SONG, Mr. HARRISON. *Paistello.*

(Bassoon Obligato, Mr. HOLMES.)

Odi grand 'ombra, e placati,  
 Qual flebile concento ;  
 Fan d' Alessandro i gemiti,  
 Al publico lamento,  
 Che mai non può mentir.

Oimè che a tante lagrime,  
 Ai doni alle preghiere ;  
 Sorde fugli aspri cardini,  
 D'aide le porte nere,  
 Più non si fanno aprir.

GLEE, 4 Voices, and CHORUS. *Webbe.*

Since HARMONY deigns with her vot'ries to dwell,  
 Exalt ev'ry voice, and each note loudly swell ;  
 Intreat her to visit us here ev'ry night,  
 And thus by her presence diffuse new delight.  
 And since she such mirth and such pleasure can bring,  
 Let us Io PÆAN repeatedly sing.

NEW ROUND, in 3 Parts. *Atterbury.*

(Composed expressly for these Concerts.)

Lads and lasses hither come,  
 Here's the tabor, pipe, and drum ;  
 Hark ! the merry peal so gay,  
 'Tis FLORELLA's wedding day ;  
 Nimbly trip it, swift advance,  
 Mingle in the sprightly dance.

GLEE, in 5 Parts, (with a double choir.) *Webbe.*

A gen'rous friendship no cold medium knows,  
 Burns with one love, with one resentment glows :  
 One should our int'rest and our passions be ;  
 My friend should hate the man that injures me !

## GLEE 3 Voices, and CHORUS. Dr. Arne.

## I.

When Britain on her sea-girt shore  
Her ancient Druids erst address'd,  
"What aid," she cry'd, "shall I implore,  
What best defence, by numbers press'd?"

Though hostile nations round thee rise,  
The mystic Oracles reply'd,  
And view thine Isle with envious eyes,  
Their threats defy, their rage deride,  
Nor fear invasion from those adverse Gauls,  
Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

## II.

Thine oaks descending to the main,  
With floating forts shall stem the tide,  
Asserting Britain's liquid reign  
Where-e'er her thund'ring navies ride;

Nor less to peaceful arts inclined,  
Where commerce opens all her stores,  
In social bands shall league mankind,  
And join the sea-divided shores.  
Spread then thy sails where naval glory calls,  
Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

## III.

Hail! happy Isle!—what though thy vales  
No vine-impurpled tribute yield,  
Nor fann'd with odour-breathing gales,  
Nor crops spontaneous glad the field;

Yet Liberty rewards the toil  
Of Industry, to labour prone,  
Who jocund ploughs the grateful soil,  
And reaps the harvest she has sown.

While other realms, tyrannic sway enthral,  
Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

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END OF THE SECOND CONCERT.

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*The Third CONCERT will be on THURSDAY next, Feb. 21.  
To begin at Eight o'Clock.*

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*Just Published, Price 10s. 6d.*

A NEW EDITION OF

THE FAVORITE GLEES,

Composed for the VOCAL CONCERTS 1792.

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